

The Talk With Harry

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Summary: From the "Man of Iron, Father of Gold" universe: The Avengers try to give Harry "the talk". Hilarity is bound to ensue. From a reluctant Tony, to a blunt Natasha, to an awkward Steve and everyone else from the movie. No longer a Two-Shot. Each character will get their own chapter. Loki is now included in the madness!

1. The Avengers: The Question

The Talk with Harry

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><p>The Avengers saw themselves much sooner than they thought they would. At Stark Tower Tony and Bruce worked together to make it easier for their demigod friend to come to Earth easier and safely. All of them had been off doing whatever it was that they wanted or needed to do. Bruce stayed with Tony and Harry in New York. He thought there would be more problems because of Tony's playful nature.<p>

Though it came as a huge surprise to the scientist to realize how much people misjudged Tony. The way Tony acted in front of camera and in front of people was very different to how he acted at home with his son. Sure there was a lot of playfulness and tons of banter but never anything dangerous.

Tony seemed a bit cautious of him at times, but Bruce knew it wasn't for normal reasons like the rest of the world. Both of the Stark boys found the Other Guy interesting instead of frightening. Harry would keep him company and loved to hang out with Bruce. The little kid didn't understand science like Tony did at his age but he found it fascinating nonetheless. Compared to all that running and hiding Bruce was used to doing, making simple and fun science experiments with Harry was a very fun change.

Physically Tony trusted Bruce with Harry but the scientist knew that he was being closely monitored by the other genius when he was alone with Harry. Once when a small fire broke out because of an experiment, Tony who had been 'working on his own experiment', reached them in under 30 seconds. Panting and out of breath with a fire extinguisher.

Tony had asked Harry about his encounter with The Hulk and much to Bruce's spirits Harry doesn't feel any amount of fear for him. Though he believes he should. Not that Bruce wants Harry to be scared of him, no, no one would ever want that, but he wanted Harry to have some sense of self preservation when he was around the scientist and more importantly, when around The Other Guy.

Though cautious, Tony was still a slave to his curious nature and wondered about the effect Harry supposedly had over the Green Rage Monster. Though it was one of the few things he ever let himself remain curious about. There was no way on Earth, Heaven, or Hell that he was ever going to let Harry be used in any sort of experiment, especially one as dangerous as that.

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><p>They saw everyone again on Harry's birthday. Even though none of the magical ones actually visited, tons of presents appeared magically in Harry's room. Natasha and Clint arrived early in the morning, claiming to be around the city and just decided to stop by. Though they each brought at least three gifts each. Clint got him a child's starter bow with arrows, some high tech binoculars, and the latest new video game for the Xbox 360. Natasha got him a best toy dart gun any toy store could offer, a telescope that matched Clint's binoculars, and a necklace with a bright green stone attached to it from one of her travels.<p>

(She and Tony shared a brief conversation that went like this: "So after you killed like what? 50 men you stopped at the local tourist spot and picked this out?"

"Hm...maybe. But you'll be happy to know that the stone has a GPS signal inside of it. And the thread that encircles his neck feels his heart rate. If he's ever endangered or feels panicked it sends a signal to this. Happy early birthday Stark" Natasha said and handed him a small phone like device.

"You have one too, don't you?" Tony asked.

"Problem?"

"Yeah, sort of. I don't like you knowing where he is at all times." Tony said seriously.

With a look that Tony never thought he'd see on Natasha, she replied, "I just need to know he's safe." It was the most to vulnerable as Natasha will ever get, Tony assumed. There was guilt in her eyes and Tony assumed that she never wanted to feel like that again, especially over Harry. He may be just a kid, but he has this immediate compulsion over you.)

Steve arrived later in the day with an aviator jacket and a bike with

a small license plate with Harry's name on it. Steve also promised that when Harry was old enough he'd start him out on a motocross bike and then maybe get him an old Harley. Harry was so excited as he rode circles around them with glee. Steve told Harry though that he had to make Tony promise not to steal his idea. With his green doe like eyes, Tony held out as much as he could, but eventually gave in. Steve might have taken motorcycles but Tony would give Harry the best, most awesome, newest or most classical cars his son wanted.

When Bruce had offered to watch over Harry while Tony went to sign some papers for Pepper but didn't want to take Harry because he had a small cold, they watched How To Train Your Dragon and Harry really liked Toothless. So Bruce bought a stuffed animal to give to Harry but in the lab converted one of Harry's many bikes into a Toothless replica. It had a motor and a hover sequence so Harry could ride or glide around on his very own life Toothless model. (With Tony's permission and Harry insistence, the two scientist made it go faster after the first day. It seemed Harry was born to be in the sky.)

Thor came a week later because he was still busy in Asgard. From his princely duties to trying to help his brother. Though he still remembered to bring a gift for Harry. He got Harry a compass that foretold the weather and reminded him of celestial events.

Harry's room and part of the living room was covered with gifts Tony had gotten for Harry. There was a range of different things; from a science kit, a new set of mystery books, a detectives kit, a bunch of toys, video games, and other things.

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><p>Aside from Harry's birthday they saw each other once more at the scheduled 6 month evaluation Fury and Kingsley deemed necessary. It was a way to keep tabs on Harry and his condition but also the Avengers. Kingsley and Fury wanted someone to visit Harry daily and prep him but Tony was very adamant about Harry's upbringing. When he asked Ginny Weasley about it she told him that children start school at eleven and everything else he could just learn from books. Tony then made it clear that he'll allow visitation every two weeks. They argued for long hours but Tony made it very clear that Harry will never be a weapon and they should stop trying to make it so.<p>

After enough personalities clashing and Tony dragging his feet they came to more of an understanding. Harry's the main priority and they agreed that they want him to be ready for anything but wouldn't make him out to be a weapon.

So six months later Tony, Bruce, and Harry arrive on the Helcarrier. They've rebuilt S.H.I.E.L.D. Headquarters but preferred to have this meeting up in the sky. It was more private and easier for Thor to arrive.

They were greeted by Natasha and Clint when they got there. Natasha was only there to greet them because she was very busy and said she'd see them later. Clint told Bruce that there was something their scientist wanted him to look at before the hearing, so they went on their way.

The meeting wasn't just to see how Harry was doing, but also how the Avengers were managing. Meaning that the meeting wouldn't begin until all of the Avenger members assembled. While they waited for the two blondes of the team Tony decided he better meet up with Fury and Kingsley to make sure he knew the topics before hand and not be surprised with any curve balls.

Tony leaned down to Harry's eye level and said, "I need to go talk with Fury and Kingsley, champ. Please wait here and don't wonder off, m'kay?"

Harry nodded and said, "Okay. Don't take long though. This place is boring."

Tony smiled, "You got it bud."

Harry watched as Tony walked into the meeting room and saw the door closed behind him. He sighed and leaned against the wall. He was already bored. He had no toys to play with, his dad had his phone, there weren't even any windows for him to look out of. With a pout and another five minutes Harry looked back and forth and decided to go look for a window at least.

He walked a couple of hallways but there was nothing but walls and doors, no windows. He walked pasted the door that Bruce and Clint had gone by and heard their voices from the other side. They were talking about some boring stuff but then some other stuff he didn't understand. After a minute Harry got bored and decided to explore some more. Harry frowned and was about to turn back after a few more hallways when a voice stopped him, "Still curious I see."

Turning to see the very tall Asgardian, Harry smiled, "Mr. Odinson!"

"Please young one, you may refer to me by my birth name. Call me Thor if you so wish," Thor said with a smile as Harry ran to hug him. He was mindful when he hugged back and even ruffled Harry's hair when they separated.

Harry smiled at him and replied, "Okay, but only if you call me Harry too. None of that young Stark stuff."

Thor chuckled and nodded, "Tis a deal Harry. Now pray tell me, what art thou doing wondering the halls of this metal contraption unsupervised. I assume the man of iron will not be pleased."

"Well...he doesn't know. He went to talk with Mr. Fury and Mr. Kingsley but it was taking a long time and I got bored." Harry explained.

Thor continued to smile at Harry, "I understand young Harry, but tis dangerous for you to be wondering alone. Do none of the agents here question it?"

Harry shrugged, "No one's stopped me yet."

"Well, let us find the return to where the man of iron is, alright? They must be looking for everyone soon," Thor said as he gestured to

the way.

"The only one left is Mr. Rogers. Agent Coulson has gone to fetch him," Harry replied.

"Ah yes. I saw them arriving shortly after I arrived," Thor said.

"Oh, okay. Lets go." Harry and Thor walked back in silence. When they reached the conference room, it was still closed so they continued waited outside.

"How's Loki?" Harry asked in a hushed voiced.

Thor sighed, "Tis very challenging young one. In both making my people and himself see that he is still good. Unfortunately I cannot do much until he accepts my help."

Harry placed a comforting hand on Thor's arm, "Don't give up. I'm sure you'll do it someday."

Thor smiled slightly, "I have much faith in my brother and great belief in his redemption. Mostly because he bares your gift."

"Really?" Harry asked with wide, surprised eyes.

"Aye. He scoffed when I first presented it to him but when I visited him once more he was wearing it upon his wrist." Thor answered.

"I'm sorry I can't do more," Harry apologized.

"Do not fret young Harry. You have done more than anyone else and more than others believe it necessary. The fact that my brother accepted your gift and knowing the story that gift brings, tis more than I can ask for." Thor said.

"Harry? Thor?"

The two named looked down the hallway and saw Steve walking towards them with Coulson and Natasha. Harry ran to Steve's opened arms as the super soldier held him.

"Careful Rogers. Harry doesn't let Stark hold him much anymore. If he sees you, he might get jealous," Natasha said with a smirk.

"I'm his godfather. I have some rights, right Har?" Steve asked the little brunette.

Harry giggled and nodded.

"How long have you been here?" Steve asked.

"Awhile," Harry said with a pout, "It's _so_ boring!"

Natasha and Steve smiled at Harry's improvement. When they first met him he was very shy and careful of what he said. Almost afraid that he'd be taken or punished for something he said. Now he was more verbal and outgoing.

"I bet. Have any plans for afterward?" Steve asked he placed Harry on the floor.

"Dad said we were gonna stop by and visit Kevin. Then maybe go for ice cream. Wanna come with us?" Harry asked as he took Steve's hand and walked back to where Thor was waiting.

"Love to," Steve replied.

"You're coming too right Ms. Romanoff? You too, right Agent Coulson?" Harry asked the agents.

"Sorry Harry. I have plenty of work to do. Maybe next time," Coulson replied.

"Awe...it's always next time with you," Harry whined. Coulson had come often to speak with Bruce and Tony on Avenger business and to Harry about his adjustments. Coulson was basically doing double the work but he didn't mind. He really was a fan of Harry Potter as much as he was of Captain America. The fact that he got a bit of the responsibility to raise him was more than his fan boy heart could take.

Coulson smiled politely like he always did and ruffled Harry's hair, "Next time I visit I promise to stay longer and play with you as long as you like."

"Really?" Harry asked with his big green doe eyes.

"Really."

Harry smiled brightly and stood in front of Natasha. He's gotten passed the shyness with her and likes it when she visits. She gives him tips on how to be sneaky, "You're coming though, right?"

"I assume Clint is invited as well?" Natasha asked and Harry nodded, "Then naturally. Someone has to be there to make sure he doesn't over do it with the ice cream. The last thing we need is a master marksman on a sugar high."

The group laughed as Clint and Bruce appeared, "What's so funny?"

"Nothing," Natasha said as both her and Coulson schooled their features. Harry held back a giggle while Thor and Steve just smiled.

Clint was about to insist when the door opened and Tony poked his head out, "Oh good. You're all here. Come on, let's get this over with."

He extended his hand out to Harry, who easily took it, and led the group inside where Fury, Hill, and Kingsley were already waiting in a round table.

The meeting itself was pretty standard. The expected questions asked to Harry and Tony: How was Harry adjusting? Where there any abnormal burst of magic? Was there anything off with his memories? Was he still able to speak with Sully?

Then they went to the group in general. They asked Tony about his development with the Arc Reactor technology. They asked Bruce how his adjustment was going in Stark Tower and if there was anything new with the Other guy.

They reported to Thor that there wasn't any changes in the world. No alien invasions, no unnatural other worldly magic, and definitely no weapon making that would attract anyone from another world.

Thor reported about Loki's hearing and a few words from Odin in regard to what happened on Earth and his comings and goings.

About 20 minutes into the meeting there was a lull in the conversation. After they finished questioning him Harry had gotten oddly quiet. He has been very questioning lately, so it was a bit odd. So many questions would pop into his head and he'd ask his dad, who always knew the answer. (Why was the sky blue? What made the grass green? Does the light in the fridge go out when the door is closed? How do they make green jello green?)

Before the meeting started everyone was served a cup of coffee, knowing the topics of the meeting, they knew they'd need it. During this lull of the conversation many had decided that perfect time to take a sip. (e.i. Hill, Bruce, Steve, Coulson, and Tony.)

Harry then decided his curiosity couldn't wait any longer, "Daddy? Where do babies come from?"

Bruce and Steve spit out their coffee, Coulson and Hill silently choked on theirs, while Tony was having a loud choking episode. Clint, sitting next to Tony and being perfectly fine, helped by patting Tony on the back while smirking like an idiot. When Tony calmed down he still had a 'deer caught in headlights' expression on his face as he looked bewildered at his son.

"Well?" Harry pried.

"Um...well...uh..." Tony blinked and tried to speak but for the first time in his life just couldn't form the words.

"What's this? The great and powerful Iron Man is afraid to speak with a child?" Clint snickers.

Tony turned to glare at the marksman and hissed, "Shut up or I'll make _you_ talk with him!"

Clint paled slightly and raised his hands in surrender. Tony sat up straight and adjusted his tie. Clearing his throat he tried again but failed. It only made it harder to know that everyone there was just watching him.

Thor leaned back in his chair with his arms crossed and chuckled, "Mortals make the biggest of deals over the silliest of things. What is so complicated in explaining the matters of life?"

"Then maybe you'd like to explain things," Clint told the god of thunder.

"I don't think that's the best course of action."

"Maybe someone else should do it."

"I don't think that's a good idea."

Coulson, Bruce, and Steve spoke at once while Natasha and Maria nodded in agreement.

Fury and Kingsley just laid back and watched the scene unfold in front of them. This is definitely better than paper work.

Thor sat up in his chair and raised an eyebrow of confusion to his friends and teammates. "What is the harm if I explain the matters of life to young Harry?"

"Nothing Thor. It's just...um, something a parent should do," Steve answered.

Thor nodded but then looked at Tony who was still pale and wide eyed, "But it seems as if the man of iron isn't certain on how to proceed."

"Is anyone going to answer my question?" Harry asked innocently as he looked at the grown ups around the table. Then those innocently green doe like eyes landed once more on the God of Thunder and asked, "Well?"

Thor looked at Harry and wavered, "Perhaps the captain is correct. This is a matter between a growing child and his father. Besides, I believe tis a bit early for such information to fall upon ears so young."

Tony perked up at that and nodded furiously, "Right. Too right. Too young. Later champ. Besides we have much much much more to discuss. Then we don't have time because we're going to visit Kevin and go for ice cream and you still need to call Pepper and-"

"Stark, breathe," Natasha reminded him.

"Right," Tony said as he took a deep breath.

"Okay," Harry agreed and Tony visibly deflated with relief.

"I still wanna know though," Harry said and crossed his arms in an attempt to look serious. If he wasn't so cute, he could pass as menacing.

"W-where did this come from champ?" Tony asked instead. Maybe he was a bit lenient with television. He should remind Jarvis to place in the child block. Or maybe a book or magazine?

"I over heard Mr. Barton talking with Dr. Banner. He said that he found a lady so fucking hot he was considering putting a baby in her."

Tony turned the full force of his glare onto Clint while Hill and Natasha took turns glaring at Bruce and Clint.

"He did, did he?" Tony all but snarled.

Clint gulped and started looking for his means of escape.

Kingsley sat back and watched the scene unfold in silent amusement. This was WAY better than being holed up in his office all day doing paperwork. Hell...he just might stop by more often, if things were going to be like this all the time!

"Coulson, why don't you take Harry to get a snack or something. He no longer has to be here," Tony said eerily calm.

"Right..." Coulson said as he stood and gestured for Harry, "Come along Harry."

"Uh...I'll come with you. I could use some more coffee," Steve said and got up as fast as he could. He could feel the tension from the women alone and knew it was going to be bad.

"I think I'll go as well," Thor said and followed the other blonde.

"Uh...me too," Bruce tried but Tony glared at him.

"What's the rush doctor? There's still plenty to talk about. And remember, you also speak my English." Tony said with a fierce look that told the doctor he wasn't going anywhere. He reluctantly sat back down.

"Uh...Tony...maybe you should let the doc by with a warning? Sides, he was just a listener," Steve said.

"...fine. But we are still having a talk later!" Tony said as Bruce quickly got out of his seat and left the room.

"Did I get Mr. Barton in trouble?" Harry asked.

"Nah...they just need to discuss some super secret spy stuff," Steve answered as they left the room.

"Sure?" Harry asked.

"Positive. Now come on Harry. We have fresh donuts in the kitchen." Coulson said.

"If you're sure," Harry said though he sounded very worried.

Thor went up to Harry and offered a smile, "How would you like another round a flying before your snack?"

"Really?" Harry asked excitedly, and immediately distracted.

"Of course," Thor replied as he lifted Harry into his arms.

"Uh...do be careful," Coulson said.

"I wouldn't dare think of letting harm come to young Harry. And I have done this before Son of Coul. Ready Harry?" Thor said and the young wizard nodded. Together they went off to the closest opening they could find.

Steve turned to Coulson and asked seriously, "They aren't going to kill him are they? I mean...Tony's capable of anything when it comes

to Harry and his safety."

"A lot of people on this ship are capable of anything when it comes to Harry and his safety." Bruce added.

"Though I agree completely, I believe Mr. Barton will come out walking. Not unharmed, but alive. At the very least the fact that he's the best marksman we have will make Director Fury step in eventually." Coulson replied.

* * *

><p>This is long over due. Sorry it took so long.<p>

I would like to thank_** DustBunnyQueen** _who basically co-wrote this with me. I plan for this to be a two-shot. This is the set up for Harry curiosity. The next chapter will be the Avengers actually trying to answer Harry's question.

As for the actual Man of Iron, Father of Gold sequel. I'm still working out the bugs and holes in the plot. I mean, if there's a bad guy, I have no idea who I should make that be. Or should it be merely fluff, redeeming Loki, somewhat of a super family, some seriously emotional stuff?

I'm working on it though, promise. In the mean time I hope you enjoy this story.

2. Happy: The Stork

The Talk With Harry

Chapter Two: Happy and the Stork

* * *

><p>.:~Happy~:.<p>

Happy was in the kitchen bright and early like he was every Monday. He was one of the very few people on the planet that were morning Monday people. Every time he came to the tower his first destination is always the kitchen. If Mr. Stark isn't there trying to make something for Harry, or looking up something new for them to try, that meant that he was in his lab and would soon need some fuel. On his way to the tower Happy stopped by his boss's favorite donut shop and picked up some of his and Harry's favorites. Before he tried to deliver part of the fuel he also needed to make his boss's ever beloved coffee.

It was then that a sullen Harry walked into the kitchen. This was completely out of the norm for the child. Harry was usually very bright and upbeat, even in the most rainiest days. There was a frown on his face, his eye brows were furrowed, and he was dragging his feet.

Making sure the coffee maker was brewing his boss's favorite drink, he was going to find out why the little man was brooding.

"Good morning Harry," Happy greeted.

Sitting in his normal chair, Harry looked up at Happy and said, "Morning Uncle Happy."

"Hm...not a good morning then. What happened champ? Usually you're more upbeat. Did something happen at the meeting?" Happy asked. It was the only reason why Harry would be so saddened and Tony not being in the same room making outlandish promises to try to cheer him up. Obviously something happened that upset both of the Stark men.

"Well, not exactly. I mean, I don't think so. It was real boring at first because there was lots of waiting. Then it was more boring because they were talking about boring stuff. They kept asking about my magic and if anything happened. Then they weren't even talking about me and I was so bored!" Harry complained as a heavy pout made it to his features as he crossed his arms.

Happy sat across from Harry and smirked before dryly saying, "Sounds boring."

Harry nodded, "So while they discussed all that boring adult stuff I got to thinking. There are lots of questions that I don't know the answers to and like asking my dad or Dr. Banner. So I was thinking some more, just like dad."

Happy smiled at that. Even though Harry didn't possess the same Stark genius like Tony or Howard, he was still a very curious kid with really good questions. Those great questions came with the fact that Harry was very observing.

"Then what happened?" Happy asked.

"Well before the meeting started, like I said I was bored, so I went to do some exploring. While trying to find a window to look out of I passed a door and listened to the people because it was Dr. Banner, Mr. Barton, and some other agents." Harry explained.

"Okay. So did they mention something that made you think?" Happy guessed that was where this was going.

"Yes. But then I ran into Mr. Thor, he said I could call him by his first name now, and I got distracted. I didn't remember until the meeting. I waited until no one was talking so I wouldn't be rude and asked but no one answered my question! Then when the meeting was over I got even more distracted! Mr. Thor took me flying around the carrier, then we had yummy donuts and Uncle Steve told us about some of his travels and Mr. Thor told us about his home, which is really cool!

"At first agent Coulson said he couldn't go with us because he had lots of work to do, but Ms. Romanoff said she would because Mr. Barton was also invited and she needed to make sure he didn't eat too much ice cream. So then dad came out and said we were all taking the jet back to get ice cream. But instead of Ms. Romanoff and Mr. Barton coming it was dad, me, Uncle Steve, Mr. Thor, Dr. Banner, and Mr. Coulson. I got a huge sundae and shared it with my dad. It was the first time Mr. Thor had had ice cream and I told him about the first time I had ice cream. I remember because it was the first time I met Pepper. Do you remember Uncle Happy?"

"Well of course I remember. It was a double chocolate sundae with hot fudge, whip cream, sprinkles, and chocolate chips." Happy recited out of memory. He, Pepper, and obviously Tony remember every single detail of Harry's likes and dislikes.

Harry smiled at Happy and then continued with his story, "So after the ice cream and stories, we went to visit Kevin."

"How is Kevin?" Happy asked.

"He's good. The care taker daddy hired said that him and his girlfriend, Juniper might have babies sometime in the future," Harry said with a smile.

Happy chuckled, "Well looks like you might be a godfather yourself someday."

Harry giggled but then sobered up and said, "But with all the fun and stuff no one ever answered my question."

"Well...I may not be as smart as your dad, but then again who is, right? Ask away and maybe I can answer it," Happy said as he got up to look for Tony's favorite coffee mug.

"Where do babies come from?"

Happy dropped one of the mugs he was holding and it shattered on impact with the floor.

"You okay Uncle Happy?" Harry asked as he got out of his chair and stepped closer.

"Don't worry about this. Just stay there. I don't want you to cut yourself," Happy said as he cleaned up the mess. When he was done he walked back to the table and sat down. His posture was straight and he folded his hands in front of him. "So your father didn't answer your question?"

"No."

"And you want me to answer it?"

"Yes."

"Um...okay. Well...I once asked the same question to my parents so I'll tell you what they told me. Deal?" Happy asked as he used a napkin to wipe away some of the sweat from his forehead.

"Okay deal," Harry replied with a smile.

"The Stork," Happy said plainly.

"The Stork?" Harry echoed.

"Yes the Stork. It's a white and powerful bird who has long legs and a long beak. He delivers babies to the rightful parents when it's time," Happy said and stood up.

"That's how the babies get to the parents. Where do babies come

from?" Harry asked.

"Um...well, you see. It is believed that the souls of the babies to be born are in bodies of water like lakes, marshes, and ponds. All places that Storks can be seen. It's says when the parents are ready the baby's soul makes itself known to the Stork and the Stork delivers the baby to its new parents and-"

There was a crash of thunder that usually meant that Thor had arrived.

"Well will you look at that. Mr. Odinson is here. Why don't you go meet him while I take this coffee to your dad. You know how he gets when he's low on coffee," Happy said as he scrambled off. He couldn't get away fast enough.

"Wait! I still have questions!" Harry yelled but Happy had stepped through the door and it closed behind him.

Harry pouted but then shook his head, "Maybe Mr. Odinson will answer my question. He did volunteer at the meeting after all."

* * *

><p>I was originally going to make this a two-shot. But the way it was coming out it would have taken me so long to complete this if I placed everyone in one chapter. So instead everyone will get their own chapter. Some might be longer than others. Some will be cute, some will be funny, and others will be fluffy, as I explore all the baby myths out there that I grew up on. As a kid watching those MGM cartoons, the Stork was a classic one.

As you see, Thor is next. I'll need to be very creative to come up with an Asgardian tale of where babies come from. I'll look into some Norse Mythology and see if I find something.

Oh! And before I go...I believe some of you will be a tiny bit glad to know that...I finally wrote the first chapter for the Man of Iron, Father of Gold sequel. You know...it's not big deal really. It'll be called "Disparity by Magic". Right now I have someone looking over it and hopefully it will be posted soon.

3. Thor and Jane: Freya and St Nicholas

The Talk With Harry

Chapter Three: Thor and Jane with Freya and St. Nickolas.

* * *

><p>Harry ran up to the balcony that Thor usually used as a landing pad to greet the God. However, when he arrived, there was no God of Thunder.<p>

"Jarvis?" Harry called out.

"_Yes young master?_" Jarvis called out. When Harry was first called that, he protested and blushed at the insanity of someone addressing him like that. Tony explained that it was more about the age than

actual title. Since Jarvis was programmed like a British butler, he addressed Tony as 'sir' and Harry as 'master' because those were just the terms.

"Where did Mr. Thor go?" Harry asked.

"_He landed on the landing pad, but quickly departed instead of entering the building, young master," _Jarvis explained.

Harry frowned and sighed, "Thanks Jarvis."

"_Anytime young master," _Jarvis replied.

Dejected and stumped about what to do next, Harry wondered to his room. He tried reading and making a puzzle but it wasn't enough to keep his young mind distracted enough. If he learned anything from Tony over the last few years, it was being annoyed about not having an answer.

What he couldn't understand the most was why his father didn't want to answer his question. Any time he had a question before, he always got an answer. Some times those answers had really big words he didn't understand, but he still got answers!

Harry tried to distract himself more with coloring and playing some video games, but he lost interest in them quickly.

He was about to lie down for a nap when his dad entered the room.

"You awake champ?" Tony asked.

Harry sat up on his bed and nodded, "I was about to nap, but I'm not really tired."

"Well, put your shoes on yeah? We have to go to S.H.I.E.L.D for something," Tony said.

Harry pouted, "I thought it was only every six months?"

"Yeah, well...last time we didn't really cover everything that was supposed to be covered. We have to go again. Unless you want to say here?" Tony asked.

Harry immediately jumped up from bed and ran to his dad, "No! I'm bored. I wanna go with you!"

Tony smiled, "Then put on your shoes. We leave as soon as you're ready."

"On the way there, can you answer my question?" Harry asked innocently as he sat on the floor and put on his shoes.

"Uh...well, I'd love to buddy but it has to wait," Tony said. Mentally he added, "_forever. It has to wait forever."_

Harry pouted as he looked up at Tony,
"Why?"

"Because...uh...I've...I've been putting off work for a really long

time. I need to do a lot of it or else I'll get Pepper in trouble. Can't have that, can we? So on the way were I'll be too busy. Sorry, champ." Tony said quickly.

They left, but not before Tony grabbed his laptop. It hadn't been a complete lie that he told Harry. It wasn't enough work that would actually get Pepper in trouble if not completed yet, but it did need to be done.

Tony hated making Harry feel unimportant or ignored, but to everything that was holy, he just couldn't bring himself to answer that horrible question. Any outside party might laugh at him but they didn't see it like he did. If they could merely look into his mind, then maybe they'd understand...or go crazy.

Sure he wanted Harry to be properly informed but that question was like a stepping stone or gateway or something. Once they crossed that bridge, there was no going back. A lot of it was having to explain sex to his sweet and innocent little boy without wanting to, but a bigger reason, Tony realized, was that it meant that Harry was growing up.

He already hated Harry's relatives who had treated him so wrong. Even more so when he realized there was no pictures of Harry as a baby. He adopted Harry pretty young, but he didn't have those special moments like the first steps or first words. He wanted those, but couldn't have them. He prided himself in not missing any more first.

Harry's first loose tooth, teaching Harry how to ride a two wheel bike, holidays, birthdays, and other things like that.

He really enjoyed having a young Harry. His innocence was refreshing and helped him through some of his own personal demonic nights. He did everything to make sure Harry knew about anything he wanted, but this!

This meant that Harry was getting older. Curious about more serious things. Soon, Tony feared, he'll understand more depressing and unkind things. He chest ached at the thought but he hid it from his son. Tony chanced a glance and couldn't help but smile.

Harry must have been tired because he was nodding off. Though Tony realized that it might have been the car ride itself. Harry found it soothing, and if any trips in the car, or the jet, were long, Harry would fall asleep.

Since Harry had fallen asleep, Tony put away his laptop and was perfectly content with just combing his fingers through Harry's unruly hair. He smiled even more as Harry snuggled up to him more.

No, he didn't want Harry to grow up. He wanted him to stay young forever. He wanted things to stay this simple.

* * *

><p>.:~*~:.<p>

Since realizing Harry was going to be a part of the Avengers in a way, and would be making visits to S.H.I.E.L.D, they've had prep

rooms made for him and other civilians types that would visit.

It was similar to a break room, but had a television with age appropriate channels that were educational, a bookshelf full of books that were entertaining but also on development, snacks that were delicious but also healthier options.

"This is new," Jane Foster commented as Thor guided her through S.H.I.E.L.D's halls.

"Aye. From what the son of Coul has mentioned, tis for young Harry's sake mostly," Thor said.

Jane smiled, "How thoughtful of them."

Jane was still working for S.H.I.E.L.D and would have to make occasional visits to its Headquarters. When Jane had heard about what actually happened in New York, she made Thor tell her everything. He did, and even went into great detail about Harry. Jane was glad everything worked out for the better for the poor boy. Especially after everything he'd gone through.

"Mr. Thor!"

Both Thor and Jane looked up ahead as Harry himself ran towards them. He stopped in front of them and smiled brightly up at them.

"Greetings young Harry. How is this fine day treating you?" Thor asked.

"Good. Who's your friend?" Harry asked.

Thor smiled brightly and hugged Jane to him, "Tis my beautiful lady Jane Foster."

Jane blushed but knelt down to Harry's eye level and extended her hand. "Hi there. You must be Harry."

"Uh huh. So, you're Thor's girlfriend?" Harry asked.

Jane smiled and said, "Yup."

Harry looked at Thor and smiled again, "She's very pretty."

Jane blushed more and mumbled, "Thank you."

"No need to feel the least bit embarrassed my dearest Jane. Young Harry speaks the truth," Thor said.

"I never lie. Lying is bad," Harry said cutely.

"Awe. Both of you are too sweet. Would you like to get a snack with us Harry?" Jane asked.

"Yes, please," Harry nodded.

"So polite. Maybe you can learn from him Thor," Jane said playfully.

Thor merely chuckled and followed his beloved and Harry to the nearest table.

As they ate their snacks, Harry asked about Jane. She told him she was a scientist working for S.H.I.E.L.D. She investigated the stars for them, so when something like when Thor comes to their world happens, she'll know about it. Harry asked about how they met and Jane told him about how Thor fell from the sky, and how her friend Darcy kept tazing him.

"It was most painful," Thor sighed. Though a part of him was embarrassed, he didn't mind so much since it brought a smile of fondness from his beloved and a smile of amusement from Harry.

"But that was because you were full mortal then," Jane said and Thor nodded.

An agent came up to them, "Excuse me, Ms. Foster? You're needed in Lab 7."

"Right. I'll be right there," Jane said and the agent excused himself.

"Well boys, I'll see you later okay?" Jane leaned over to kiss Thor and then to kiss Harry's forehead.

Once she was gone, Harry said, "I like her. She's very nice."

"Aye. Her heart is as warming as her smile," Thor said.

"Shouldn't you be in the meeting with the others?" Harry asked.

"Aye, but not everyone has arrived. Hawkeye and lady Widow have yet to arrive from their previous location. And from what I was told from the son of Coul, the magical ones haven't arrived yet either." Thor explained.

"Mr. Thor?" Harry asked.

"Yes young Harry?"

"You offered to tell me where babies come from. Can you tell me, please?" Harry asked.

Thor froze and mentally cursed. He wished that his beloved Jane had not left them alone. He thought back to what happened to Hawkeye for first placing such a thought in Harry's head and shuddered at what happened to him. Though he did not fear the man of iron on normal days, he can become quite frightening when it concerns young Harry.

But he had offered to explain the ways of life to the young child once. It seemed that in his short absence from Midgard, no one has answered Harry's question.

"I believe it was said that the matter was between father and son to discuss," Thor replied.

"Yeah, but my dad keeps avoiding me and my question," Harry

said.

"Uh...very well...um..." Thor really didn't want to say the wrong thing to someone so impressionable and young as Harry. The God admitted to himself that he was too young to know the specifics of coupling. As he racked his brain for what to say, he remembered when he and Loki were children and wondered about where they and other children came from. His mother had told him the story and he was thankful to her. Thor smiled and began his tale.

"When my kinsman, Freya, sees a man and woman in love; should they gain her favor, she shall bless them with a child. She takes a sprig from a tree, ash for a male child and elm for a female child, and crafts it into the form of a baby. She then gifts that child to the couple." Thor said.

"So...babies come from _trees_?" Harry asked.

"It is the will of Freya." Thor responded with a nod.

The god of thunder stood, patted the child gently on the head, and left to check on the meeting that should be taking place.

Harry just sat there, confused and trying to reason out why Freya decided to make babies out of TREES of all things. He didn't hear when someone walked up behind him.

"Thor give you the talk?" Fury asked.

Harry just nodded.

"Didn't understand a thing, did you?"

Harry shook his head.

'Hah! Kingsley owes me a bottle of firewhiskey!' Fury thought, and walked away.

* * *

><p>.:~*~:.<p>

Jane walked back to the improved break room with hopes of finding Thor and Harry still there. The kid really grew on her. He was just an amazing little ball of sunshine. She had heard great stories from Thor before. Harry really did give him hope on his brother, something that even she sometimes had a hard time with.

When she entered the break room there was no Thor, but Harry was still at their table. He had a crestfallen expression as he fiddled with his juice box.

"Everything okay Harry?" Jane asked, worried.

"Yeah..." Harry replied.

"You don't seem okay. You were really happy when I left. What happened?" Jane asked as she retook her seat.

Harry straightened in his seat and looked at Jane. Previous

disappointment gone from his eyes and replaced with a fiery determination.

"Do you love Thor?"

Jane blushed at the question and cleared her throat, "I...um, yes. I do."

"Are you going to have a baby with him?" Harry asked.

Jane's eyes widened and she heavily blushed, "W-where did that come from?"

"I'm curious to know where babies come from. I asked but no one's answered me right. But I think that's because they aren't mommy's or daddy's. But they keep saying that only people who are in love have babies. So if you love Thor and were to have a baby, how would that happen?" Harry asked.

"Um...well...you see..." Jane struggled as she thought about what to say. She bit her lip and thought about what on earth to tell this little boy. "Uh...oh! Santa Claus."

"...Santa Claus?" Harry echoed.

Jane nodded fiercely and said quickly, "Yup. Good old Saint Nick."

"He brings toys..._and_ babies?" Harry asked incredulously.

Jane gulped, "Well...he's Santa. He can do just about anything. It never really says anywhere that you stop getting gifts from Santa just because you're old. Only because you're naughty. So when good parents decide they want a child, they ask Santa for them."

"Ms. Foster?" an agent called out to her.

Jane immediately stood up and croaked out a, "Y-yes?"

"You're needed back in the lab." the agent said.

"Oh thank god..." Jane muttered, then put on a big smile for Harry, "Sorry Harry, but I have to get back to work. Later we'll hang out okay. Bye bye sweetie." She kissed the top of his head and quickly left.

Harry crossed his arms and slouched into his chair. He pouted and muttered, "_Someone_ is lying to me...I _will_ find out where babies come from!"

* * *

><p>Very special thanks to DustBunnyQueen. She's my partner in crime when it comes to plotting these out XD<p>

Bruce is up next.

TBC...

4. Bruce: The Scientific Method

The Talk With Harry

Chapter Four: Bruce and the Scientific Method.

* * *

><p>After his talk with Jane, when he was sure someone was lying to him, Harry went in search of the others. Unfortunately they were in the meeting. Since they covered everything concerning him in the last meeting, Harry was forced to wait.

He pouted as he made his way back to the rec-room and sat himself back at the table. He sighed and grabbed some snacks and turned to watch the television. _Little Bear_ was on, so that made him feel a bit better. He and Pepper loved watching _Little Bear_ together. She would call him that sometimes and claim that he sometimes reminded her of that sweet and curiously adorable little bear.

He ate the chocolate chip cookies and milk that they had left for him(they knew he was coming and knew it was one of his favorites), and watched that silly old bear and his friends. Since he didn't really nap before coming to S.H.I.E.L.D, and the nap in the car wasn't too long, Harry soon grew tired. He laid down on the couch and made himself as comfortable as he could and closed his eyes.

"Just for ten minutes..." Harry promised himself.

* * *

><p>.:~*~:.<p>

When Harry opened his eyes again, he had to blink them rapidly to make sure he was seeing correctly. He swore he had fallen asleep on the couch at S.H.I.E.L.D, but now he was in his bed back home. He frowned. How long had he been asleep?

He looked over to the clock on the counter and realized he's been out for nearly two hours. Harry stretched and yawned as he got out of bed. He wiggled his toes and smiled at the feeling of the carpet under his feet. His dad must of tucked him in. Only he remembered that he didn't like sleeping with socks on.

But he went in search for them now that he was awake. Pepper always chided Tony and Harry when he didn't wear socks or slippers. She claimed he'd get a cold. Even though Harry disagreed with her because ever since he started living with his dad, he hasn't gotten sick, he still followed her rules.

When he put on his socks and shoes, he ventured off into the Tower. He wasn't exactly hungry with all the cookies he ate at S.H.I.E.L.D HQ, but he was thirsty. He used the elevator and headed to the common kitchen that everyone used(even though there was one on each floor) and took out a juice box.

He liked the apple they had at S.H.I.E.L.D but his favorite was between pumpkin and pineapple. Harry wondered if it was because they both started with a P. Though why that would be the reason, Harry didn't know.

As he threw away his empty juice box, he saw the message his dad left him on the mini white board that was on the fridge.

'Harry, I'm working on some projects in the garage. I'll see you at dinner. Remember to feed Sully and keep him in your room. Stay out of trouble, have a snack between now and dinner, and remember to call Pepper. She's expecting your call.'

It took Harry a few minutes to read the whole thing correctly. He already knew how to read but his dad's handwriting was...well, Pepper called it chicken scratch, but sometimes Harry thinks a chicken would have better handwriting.

He looked at the closest clock he could find and frowned. He'd have to wait a while to call Pepper. Though his dad did what he wanted, whenever he wanted, Harry knew that not everyone was like that. Pepper did have a life outside of them, and right now Harry knew she was busy.

He was going to go see what toy he could play with in the mean time when he saw Dr. Banner.

"Doctor Banner!" Harry cried.

Bruce tensed but turned with face Harry with a smile.

"Hello there Harry. Have you seen your father? I'm looking for him," Bruce asked as his eyes scanned the area for a way out. They were all told by Thor that he had given Harry the child Asgardian version of the talk. No one really wanted to know why Fury chuckled and Kingsley sighed. An agent delivering some coffee also mentioned that Ms. Foster had also given Harry the talk, which resulted in Santa Claus.

Tony's head had hit the table and he groaned out loud. He told them he couldn't believe everyone was giving his son such bogus answers. That Harry wasn't that stupid and will eventually notice that someone was lying to him.

Natasha had rolled her eyes and asked why didn't he just tell him straight up. Tony paled and just told her she wouldn't understand. But they had been warned...the cute and adorable little Harry Stark was in the search of answers and seems very adamant about getting the right one.

"He's in the garage working on some projects. He's going to be there awhile," Harry answered.

"Right. Well, I guess I'll just go back to my room. I'll see you at dinner, okay?" Bruce said as he tried to leave.

"Wait!" Harry cried.

"Um...yes?" though he cringed because he could already guess what was coming.

"I have a question," Harry said with a bright smile.

Bruce mentally sighed, "Is it the same one you asked Thor?"

Harry shook his head, "No. It's different."

Bruce let out a sigh of relief and smiled, "Okay then. What is it?"

He was really thankful for dodging the bullet. He rarely dealt with children and normally he was treating their wounds or diseases. Somehow that's easier than this.

"How do men place babies in women?" Harry asked.

"..."

"..."

"..."

"Well?" Harry pressed.

Bruce was blushing extensively, sweat was building up, and all forms of thoughts just ceased.

"Are you okay Doctor Banner?" Harry asked as he noticed Bruce's conditions.

"Um..uh...why...how...how did you come to that conclusion?" Bruce asked.

"Well, no one was answering my question correctly. So while everyone was busy, I started thinking. I tried to figure it out. And you know what Sherlock Holmes said, 'Once you remove the impossible, whatever remains, no matter how improbable, must be the truth.'"

"Yes, I'm familiar with the great detective," was all Bruce could say without stuttering.

"Well I thought about all I knew about babies. When a baby is in the tummy it's called being pregnant. But I've never seen a pregnant man, so that means that only women can get pregnant, right?" Harry asked.

Bruce just nodded.

"But even though all the stories I've heard of where babies come from are different, they have the same detail. It takes a mommy and a daddy to make a baby. So if it's the lady who carries the baby in her tummy, then doesn't that mean it's the man who puts the baby in there?" Harry asked innocently.

Bruce was a huge fan of Sherlock Holmes. After reading the works of the famous detective he learned to be more observant. It was those observations that helped him from being caught when he was on the run. He never thought the great detective would betray him like this.

"Well?" Harry asked a bit impatiently.

"Uh..."

He knows how persistent Harry can be. If it was something Tony had gone great lengths to do, was to teach his son to want things and to never stop until he got them. He couldn't just convince him he wasn't the right person to ask, since others have already tried and Harry hadn't been too happy with their answers. No matter how hard he tried, he knew how impossible it would be to get Tony out of the garage now.

The only thing that would get him out now was if Harry was in danger, but he wasn't. Tony also knew Harry was in the search for answers and was hiding from his own son.

Bruce would find it a bit more humorous that Earth's Mightiest Heroes were reduced to this, had he not been the one in front of the gun right now.

He sighed and ran his fingers through his hair, "Go wait on the couch. I'm going to get a book."

Harry smiled and ran to seat himself comfortably on the couch.

* * *

><p>Bruce knew it would eventually be his turn to talk to Harry; with the look Tony had given him at the meeting, he was surprised he hadn't been forced to be the first. So in preparation for the eventual conversation, he managed to scrounge up his old high school (college for everyone else) anatomy book.<p>

He sat Harry down, turned to the chapter on reproduction and started to read aloud. He made sure not to look up, he didn't want Harry to ask ANY questions...this was embarrassing enough; and, really, the book clearly explained it all. Too bad he forgot poor Harry was only eight.

"...and that's where babies come from." Bruce said while closing the book.

He finally looked up at Harry to see the child looking at him with a blank look on his face.

'Poor kid's probably too embarrassed to ask any questions.' Bruce thought.

He patted Harry on the knee, stood up, and walked out the door. The unfortunate eight-year-old just sat there with glazed eyes and anatomical terms swimming in his head. Now he was more confused than ever!

"Okay...Now I have to find someone to explain all of that to me, but who won't use too many big words."

* * *

><p>Thanks again to DustBunnyQueen.<p>

Plotting these out with you is hilarious! Seriously, I very much enjoy writing these XD

>I'm not too sure how many kids would actually reason it out like

Harry, but...yeah.<p>

Oh and yes I know that in the age that Harry is currently living in he could simply ask Jarvis or google it himself. But if he did that, you wouldn't be able to read the hilarious uncomfortable scenarios this little 8 year old puts the earth's strongest and smartest heroes.

5. The Avengers: Dinner Time Fiasco

The Talk With Harry

Chapter 5: The Avengers at dinner

For all intents and purposes, this is set during "Disparity by Magic" because Loki is attending dinner. Or me just claiming creative license!

It's going to be hilarious. Enjoy :)

* * *

><p>.:~*~:~.<p>

Harry was having a dilemma. Doctor Banner had finally explained where babies came from, or rather, how they got in the mommy, but there were a lot of things he didn't understand. He would have asked Doctor Banner, but after his head stopped spinning from all the big words, the doctor had gone back to his room and told Jarvis he was in the middle of a scientific project. Harry sighed. Scientist...once they locked themselves up, it was almost impossible to get them out of their rooms.

When he first moved in with his dad and Pepper, and Tony went into his lab to do some projects which lasted a few days, Harry worried he had upset the man and he regretted adopting Harry and wanted to avoid him. He had locked himself in his room, hid in his closet, and cried. He refused to come out and back then they didn't know how he did it, but now they supposed he locked himself with magic since his emotions were very powerful.

It took Tony, Pepper, Happy, and Jarvis to work together to try to get Harry out and convince him that they did love him. When Harry finally collapsed from exhaustion and a broken heart, the magic stopped and the adults barged in. Harry wasn't waking up and Tony went into full panic mode. He rushed them to the closest hospital and demanded the best medical team they had. None of them knew what was wrong with Harry and faced Tony's wrath for being 'incompetent'.

They stayed with Harry for an entire two days without him waking up. All the while Tony's heart ached and millions of possibilities and horrible scenarios passed through his mind. Each getting worse with the seconds Harry remained unconscious. When Tony had asked the wizards about it, it turned out that Harry had been so overwhelmed by his emotions, his magic had to act out. They had been too busy worrying about Harry to notice but there were a lot of things in the house that day that broke, or changed, or disappeared. Since Harry was so young and not in control of his magic, he used it all up. It

was more draining than simply running out of energy.

Still, that had been horrible, torturous days for all of the adults. The days after weren't any easier either. Harry had locked himself up again. He didn't speak at all and refused to meet any of their eyes. Tony had showered him with gifts and treats, but Harry didn't touch anything the billionaire gave him.

Tony was used to being hated, neglected, or having people be indifferent about him, but coming from Harry? It was unbearable.

Tony had gotten on his knees and begged Harry to talk to him. To look at him even. When he did, his little green eyes were obscured with tears, his cheeks stained as well. Tony had already been crying, but at seeing his son cry, he cried more. He hugged Harry tightly and apologized and promised him anything.

When Harry uttered, "I thought you regretted getting me..."

"Never think that." Tony swore.

Since then Tony always worked on his projects at night, when he was sure Harry was fast asleep. It was a bit later when Pepper explained what Tony did, that Harry said it was okay if Tony wanted to work on his projects during the day. Just to promise that it wouldn't be every day.

Ever since the Avengers had been staying with them, Harry never has to worry about being alone or bored. Or at least that's how it used to be. For a while now it almost seemed like they were avoiding him.

Even Loki, who was staying with Thor, but that was more on Tony's demand. Loki wasn't supposed to be alone with him. Even when George comes over for Harry's magical teachings and Loki sits in on the lesson. Thor or Bruce always have to be present along with Tony.

Harry didn't really understand why his dad was so worried about Loki. The young wizard had promised that his magic had been more powerful than Loki's, and besides, Loki didn't have magic right now. Tony still didn't like it and made Harry promise to never be alone with the other Asgardian.

Almost all of the Avengers agreed with Tony on that. Even Thor, who was more understanding of his brother, made Harry promise to be wary of his brother. Though he wishes the best for and from his brother, Thor can't say what his brother was and wasn't capable of.

It seemed that only George, aside from Thor, liked being in Loki's presence. Whenever he visited Harry he always wanted to meet the god of mischief. Being the natural prankster that he was, he would entertain Harry (and Loki, though he won't admit it) with stories of his pranks, ideas for new ones, and about his joke shop.

But George wasn't here and wouldn't be back for another week or so.

Harry sighed and decided to read some of the books George had brought

him. For his age, George had gotten a lot of magical pop up ones. When he opened up his favorite story, "The Tale of Three Brothers" the story began to tell itself out loud and the pictures were brought to life.

When he tried contacting his parents again a few weeks after the whole thing in New York, he realized he could summon them for a while. He didn't want to scare his dad or make him think he didn't love him anymore because he wanted to know his parents, so he kept it secret. Harry would wait a while after his dad tucks him in before he summons his parents spirits. Since it is late and he should be asleep, they tell him stories. This was his father's favorite, and its become his as well.

He would just read until it was time for dinner. Once he was with everyone he'll ask his questions. There would be every adult there, so someone should be able to answer his new questions. At least he hopes so.

Sometimes Harry doesn't know how the adults run the world. They sometimes don't know the answers, or don't want to answer the questions. Harry thinks that if kids ran the world, it would be a much better place. They would just have to have the really smart adults, like his dad, near to help fix the broken things.

* * *

><p>.:~*~:.<p>

It was dinnertime and everyone at the tower was sitting around the table chatting and eating and everything and anything. Even Loki and been bribed/forced to attend. And then threatened to behave himself OR ELSE.

Harry was staring down at his plate, trying to figure out what all the big words that Bruce used meant. With all the tact and timing of a child, he looked up at his father and asked his question.

"Daddy, what's sex-u-al in-ter-course?" He asked, carefully pronouncing the hard words.

Once again, half the table had a mouthful of their preferred drink; and once again, those mouthfuls went flying. Loki was fighting back the urge to laugh hysterically at the faces of the humans. If he had known mortals could be this entertaining, he would have interacted with them more often! A red haired mortal...George, he thought the man's name was...had kept him informed of little Harry's antics before his arrival to Midgard. Apparently George was a prankster and, once he discovered just WHO Loki was, sought out the Norse god of mischief in his free time when he wasn't tutoring Harry.

"Wh...where did you hear that?" Tony half asked half coughed.

Bruce resisted the urge to groan. He just KNEW he would be in trouble!

"I was asking Mr. Bruce where babies came from and he read me this book that explained the whole thing! But, I didn't understand half the words and Mr. Bruce left before I could ask him what it meant." Harry replied innocently.

Now Bruce DID groan...and bang his head on the table. This was it, he was dead. Not even turning into the Other Guy could save him now.

"Bruce, huh?" Tony asked cheekily, though he was glaring daggers at the scientist.

"Yeah. So, what does that mean?" Harry asked as the other adults were wiping their mouths, or in cases like Natasha, wiping drinks off of herself while glaring at the men.

Tony's chair screeched as he stood up. "I'm sorry champ but I just remembered something very important that needs to be handled in the lab. _Doctor Banner_! Would you be so kind as to accompany me. I'm afraid I need to talk with you about said important thing."

"Can't it wait until after dinner? Plus, I want you to answer my question," Harry said.

"So sorry champ but this can't wait. Come along Banner," Tony said without room for discussion. He left the room and Bruce sighed before he followed the other genius.

"As much as I wanna see the Doc get it-" Natasha elbowed him and made a look towards Harry, "I mean, it's bound to be quite the interesting conversation, is it a good idea? We don't want..._Other_, things to happen." Clint said.

"Tony will remember to keep it in place. I hope..." Steve said, as he worriedly glanced the way the scientists went.

"What are they going to talk about?" Harry asked.

"Oh just a bunch of science things we won't understand." Clint said with a smile. He's been trying to be good with the kid ever since the whole thing started. He really liked the kid. He had spunk, was hilarious, and managed to keep a whole bunch of uncontrollable adults in their place. Since the whole thing on the Helicarrier, he's been on thin ice.

"Yeah, they both use a lot of big words...can any of you answer my question? Oh, and I have lots more too." Harry said with a smile towards the adults.

"Uh...sorry Harry. I have to, uh, I have training. Then I'm off to bed. You know what they say," Steve began as he got up from his seat, "Early to bed, early to rise, keeps a man healthy and wise. Goodnight!"

"My brother and I have a meeting with the mortal named Furry early in the morning, so we must retire as well. We bid you goodnight as well." Thor said as he grabbed Loki and headed to their floor.

Harry looked expectantly at Clint and Natasha who shared a look, "Sorry Harry, but this is something you might want to cover with your dad." Clint said.

"Awe...but he's busy!" Harry pouted, "Can't you guys tell me?"

"I'll tell you what, Harry. Tomorrow I'll talk with your dad, and depending on what he says, you and I will have a talk, okay?" Natasha said. She knew the ways of life, and she had a pretty good idea of how to answer Harry's question, but she knew there was a line drawn. Tony was Harry's parents and the responsibility fell on him, but he seemed to be procrastinating. Harry is searching for the answer and the other men are being idiots about it, as usual, and just confusing the poor kid more.

She knew where she stood with Harry, so if she got the green light from Tony, she'd set the kid straight, but not before.

"Awe, why do you have to ask?" Harry complained.

"I need permission to talk with you about certain things, Harry. Just like you need Tony or Pepper's permission to watch certain channels, right?" Natasha asked.

"Hmm...okay. I guess I'll go do something," Harry mumbled, dejected.

"We may not be able to answer those questions, but that doesn't mean we have to leave you. Looks like everyone else is off to bed or something, but why don't Clint and I take you out for ice cream? I know a good place," Natasha offered.

Harry brightened at that and nodded.

"Go get your coat. We'll wait here," Natasha said and Harry ran off to get his things.

"You really gonna talk with him if Stark gives you the okay?" Clint asked.

"He's just looking for answers, Clint. It's nothing difficult," Natasha replied.

"Well...looks like you have more balls than the rest of us," Clint said dryly.

"I got it!" Harry exclaimed.

The two agents smiled and took Harry to get some ice cream. On the way there they saw a carnival and decided to go since it was still early. Clint won Natasha and Harry some prizes in the ring toss and knocking down some milk bottles. They rode on the Ferris Wheel, the bumper cars, and the twirl a whirl. They had hot dogs and cotton candy, and used the photo booth. They went three times so each can have a copy.

* * *

><p>.:~*~:.<p>

(back at the Tower)

"What the _hell_!" Tony demanded once they were in the lab.

"Tony, I am so sorry!" Bruce raised his hands in the surrendering position.

"_Sorry_? SORRY! My sweet, innocent little boy just asked me what sexual intercourse was! Sorry doesn't begin to cover it!" Tony yelled.

"He had asked me how men put babies in women! I couldn't just tell him a similar bull story like the others have done, could I? He asked a more specific question! So I took out a book and read him what was in it!" Bruce defended himself.

"He asked you _what_?" Tony asked flabbergasted and paled. Oh, someone was going to pay!

Bruce sighed and said, "He said since no one was answering his question he thought about everything he knew about babies, trying to figure it out himself. He arrived to the conclusion himself that only women could get pregnant and then modified his question to how man's part plays in the relationship...I had my own mini heart attack at the question too, you know."

Tony slumped against one of his work tables and buried his face in his hands. "What am I going to do?"

"Just answer his questions," Bruce said.

"I CAN'T!" Tony cried.

"Okay, so...don't completely. But answer them so he _thinks_ they are answered." Bruce said.

"I dunno Bruce. Sounds like Pepper's plan to get Fury and Kingsley to forbid Loki to staying here and look how that turned out," Tony mumbled, defeated.

"Then maybe you should think of this as removing a band-aid. You're going to have to do it sometime. You can either pull slowly and drag out the pain, or you can rip it off and get it over with." Bruce said as he crossed his arms.

"I suppose...I just...I can't stand knowing that I'll have to explain..._those_ things!" Tony cried.

"Tony...you're a known playboy. I never thought this would be so hard for you," Bruce admitted.

"I didn't think so either...but after everything Harry's been through. In his past life, in getting to me, in what we've worked through, and then all that in New York...asking these questions means he's growing up. It means he's going to have to learn how the world works...he's going to have to experience unpleasant things and the thought of Harry in any type of pain...I can't..."

"You're going to have to face the music sometime Tony," Bruce said and started to make his way out of the lab.

"Where the hell do you think you're going? You're not off the hook yet! How the _hell_ did you _not_ think before you read him that book! What _kind_ of book was it anyway? This could have been avoided a few more years but now he knows a lot of inappropriate words! Didn't you at least _read_ it to yourself before you read it to him

and stop to think, 'gee, maybe I shouldn't mention these words?!'" Tony ranted.

Bruce sighed. He found a stool and made himself as comfortable as possible. He was going to be here awhile.

* * *

><p>Coulson is next.<p>

TBC...

6. Coulson: The Easter Bunny

The Talk With Harry

Chapter 6: Coulson and the Easter Bunny

Calling creative license again. I doubt Coulson is actually a dad but I'll make it believable.

* * *

><p>.:~*~:.<p>

Harry was wandering around S.H.I.E.L.D headquarters while the grown ups were in there meeting. He was still miffed that no one would tell him where babies come from. Well, he supposed Dr. Bruce had, but no one told him what those really big words meant, so he was still a bit in the dark as to where babies come from. Well...he knew they came from women, but did still didn't know how they got there!

He had hoped that Ms. Romanoff would talk to his dad soon so she could tell him, but when he saw them talk, his dad started panicking and shaking his head. Something told him he wasn't going to hear from Ms. Romanoff soon, just like neither his dad or Pepper let him watch a channel called MTV, whatever that was.

He was sulking along one of the corridors when he ran into Agent Coulson.

That was it! Mr. Coulson was a daddy, he could tell Harry where babies come from!

" Mr. Coulson!" Harry yelled.

Agent Coulson turned around and saw Harry Stark (formerly Harry Potter, and wasn't THAT a trip! When he was first informed that they had found Captain America, he had no idea how to react properly. He would admit that there was never anyone who would ever replace Captain America as his number one idol and hero, but Harry James Potter came close. Though he grew up with Captain America, he developed his career hearing about Harry Potter as they tried very hard to find a way into the Wizarding World. All they could get was rumor and boy was that rumor intense.) running toward him, waving madly.

"What can I do for you, Harry?" Coulson asked.

Sometime he can't believe his own luck at getting to not only meet his hero, but being a common factor in his life. And being a big part of Harry Potter's life too!

"Can I ask you a question?" Harry asked.

"Sure."

"You're a daddy right?"

"Yeah..." Coulson said, already afraid of where this question was going.

"So you must know where babies come from!"

Coulson sighed. So it was his turn on the 'baby list', as everyone was starting to call it. Luckily, he already had a story ready. He knelt down and put his hand on Harry's shoulder and looked him in the eye.

"I'll tell you the same thing I told my daughter when she asked, okay?" He said.

Harry nodded, smiling brightly. "Okay!" _Finally_, someone was going to tell him! And Mr. Coulson always explained things in ways he could understand.

"The Easter Bunny."

That brought Harry up short. "What?" He asked.

"Babies come from the Easter Bunny." Coulson said.

"But the Easter Bunny delivers eggs!" Harry yelped.

Harry was getting very upset. He now _knew_ that more than one person was lying to him, and he _hated_ it. All he wanted to know was where babies come from! That's _all_! It can't be so hard! His uncle Happy told him they were delivered by a bird, Mr. Thor said they came from trees, Miss Jane said that they were brought by Santa Claus, and he had no idea what the heck Dr. Bruce said!

"That's right. And when he sees two people in love, he delivers a special egg."

"A special egg?" Harry interrupted.

"Yup. It's a test. If the people can take good care of the egg and keep it warm for nine months, the egg will hatch into a baby."

"But what if the people don't take care of the egg? Or lose it? And how does that involve sex-u-al in-ter-course?"

Coulson's eyes widen and he pales a bit, "Um...e-excuse me?"

"Dr. Banner read me a book that said that for the baby to be con-see-ved, sex-u-al in-ter-couse was needed." Harry explained.

Coulson cleared his throat and adjusted his tie uncomfortably. "Then

the egg stays an egg and the Easter Bunny won't give them another special egg until they can prove they've become more responsible."

"But...women aren't reptiles." Harry said confused as he worked the details out in his brain, "Daddy says that humans are mammals and that mammals don't lay eggs. How is the baby born if they come from the eggs the Easter Bunny gives?"

"Um...well...the egg...the _special_ egg...um...is more of...an ideal? Yes! An ideal." Coulson worked through his lie. Leave it to a Stark to poke holes in his story, making him revamp the some of it.

"I'm confused," Harry says.

"Well...while the baby is actually in the mother's tummy, the parents have to look after the egg," Coulson said as he nodded. The rest of the story was falling into place nicely in his mind.

"How come?" Harry asked.

"Well...practice. The egg is fragile. That means it needs to be taken care of very well because a lot of things can hurt it and a lot of things can happen to it." Coulson said.

"Oh! Just like a baby!" Harry said with a smile as the two things clicked.

Coulson nodded, "Yes, just like a baby. If the parents can take care of the egg for the whole nine months the baby is in the mother's tummy, the egg will hatch on the baby's birth, and give the parents a surprise."

"What kind of surprise?" Harry asked.

Coulson shrugged, "It's different with every parent."

Harry just looked thoughtful. So far, that was the longest, and best, explanation anyone had given him. And Mr. Coulson told HIS little girl the same thing...so it must be true, right? But, the Easter Bunny giving people eggs to take care of? That sounded a little farfetched.

While Harry was thinking on his explanation, Coulson stood up and snuck away. He felt slightly bad, but he _had_ been truthful...in a way. He _did_ tell his little Stephanie that story...and when his girlfriend, Daphne, found out, he was banished to the couch for a week, and then forced to tell his sweet, innocent little girl the truth.

'Never again.' He vowed. 'When the next one comes, I'll just tell the kid to ask his mother.'

Too bad he hadn't used the ultimate dad bail out the last time.

* * *

><p>We all know Coulson had that cellist girlfriend, so in here she had a daughter(not necessarily Coulson's but he's her father figure,

or he could be if you wish[and yes Stephanie is the female name version of Steve]). Calling creative license on this chapter for the sake of Coulson's relationship. Plus he's a S.H.I.E.L.D. agent...he's on the need to know status.<p>

Anyway, sorry these chapters have been a bit short. I try to make them long but...after I get the point across, well...I hope you still enjoy it anyway.

Oh! Next is Steve...*giggles* I loved all these chapters I've written but personally...he's going to be my favorite XD

7. Steve: The Internet

The Talk With Harry

Chapter Seven: Steve and the Internet

* * *

><p>Harry had pieced together most of the story at this point. Babies came from two people. A mother who carries the baby in her tummy until the baby is old enough to survive in the world, and a father who give his 'genetic sample' to the woman for the baby to be created in the first place. It took a lot of hunting down, some pouting, and even some tears but finally his daddy told him about the genetic samples. The child is something from both the mother and the father, and it's those something's that the parents have to give. His daddy said it was like a puzzle and when the daddy's puzzle piece fits with the mommy's puzzle piece, the picture of the baby is clear.<p>

When Harry thanked all of the grown ups for their stories, all of the grown ups felt a sense of relief, not none more than Tony. He hated the idea of his little Harry growing up and facing the trouble of the real world, and couldn't be more thankful that Harry had finally stopped asking. They celebrated with a trip to Disney Land.

Of course on Harry's insistence, they were all to go. Only Coulson managed to get away because of his work, but the others weren't so lucky. Though it was mostly Bruce, Loki and Natasha who tried not to go.

Loki dreaded the idea of being around so many wild children, Bruce didn't want to be around crowds either but only because of the Other Guy. Natasha found it really childish but with both puppy pouts from both Clint and Harry, she couldn't resist.

Tony had offered to pay the park so they could have the entire park for themselves but Harry talked him out of it. He said that he wanted the whole experience, and that meant being around other families. Speaking of other families, it wouldn't be fair to those who took so long to plan it, for a big powerful business guy to ruin what was a hard earned family vacation.

They struggled a bit but ultimately it was the fun that the commercials promised. Thor and Clint took Harry on every ride they could get on. Steve, Tony and Natasha helped with the games and won Harry a lot of prizes. Bruce was more than happy to take pictures, hold their things, and bring them food as he tagged along and watched

Harry face light up with glee. Even Loki had fun and was amused at the delighted experience young Harry had gone through, though he wouldn't admit it to anyone.

All the plane ride home, all Harry did was talk animatedly about his time with his family. When he was all tuckered out, Tony cradled him and held him until they got home.

When they did, Harry retold his stories to Happy, Pepper, and Coulson. He showed them his prizes, the souvenirs, and the pictures of the day.

About a week after their trip to _Disney Land_ Harry was still enamored with the _Happiest Place on Earth_. _But he learned from Happy that there were other theme parks too. He was fond of _Six Flags_ himself, being a big fan of _Bugs Bunny_. When Harry asked about _Six Flags_ Happy explained that _Disney Land_ had _Disney_ characters like _Mickey Mouse_ and _Donald Duck_ while _Six Flags_ had _Loony_ _Tunes_ characters like _Bugs Bunny_ and _Daffy Duck_.

Immediately, Harry wanted to do some research on the park, especially when Happy told him about their Fright Fest. In honor of Halloween, all the characters dressed up, there would be iconic monsters there, some zombies and other fun decorations. The water rides would have water painted blood red, and they had the yummiest Halloween themed treats!

Harry really wanted to go to _Six Flags_ and Octorberfest. And he wanted some information on it and went in search for it.

Unfortunately his daddy had forbidden him from going on the internet without any adult supervision and everyone was either at work, or busy doing their own thing.

He didn't want to interrupt Dr. Banner because he remembered hearing him and his daddy talk and he said he was in the middle of a big project. Pepper described scientist to be like artist, and their experiments were like works of art. The scientists worked really hard on them and to those with the eye for it, thought it was beautiful. So Dr. Banner was out of the question.

His dad and Pepper were out too because they needed to do the boring paper work for his dad's company. They would be back around dinner time and that was still too far away.

Steve, Natasha, and Clint were at S.H.I.E.L.D with Coulson and the rest doing whatever it is that they do, and Mr. Thor was off visiting Ms. Jane.

And since all adults were busy, that meant that Loki was also at S.H.I.E.L.D being monitored until one of the Avengers became free to 'babysit' him. Why they needed to do that was beyond Harry's understanding.

Harry worked on his own little projects while he waited for others to come back home. He read some of his books, finally finished his 500 piece puzzle, and even drew a picture of his family. He was so proud of it, he decided he would go hang it on the fridge with some of the

others.

On his way to the kitchen that they all used, Harry passed the living room and saw a laptop on the couch. He paused for a moment and thought about it. All he was going to do was look up the Fright Fest for Six Flags. It would just take a moment.

Harry ran to the kitchen and proudly placed his picture on there with a colorful magnet before going back to the living room and opening up the laptop.

As he typed into the URL other suggestions came up. When Harry accidentally clicked on one of those he arrived at an odd website full of naked people doing some odd things.

Harry closed the laptop and furrowed his brow. He heard doors open and closed as his family arrived for dinner. He heard his dad call out to him and the others heading to the kitchen.

Harry ran to the bathroom to wash up for dinner and then ran back to the living room for the laptop. When he entered the kitchen the adults were all helping set the table. They didn't notice him so he placed the laptop on the table, opened it up, and pressed the space bar, which made the video on the site start playing.

At hearing the panting, groans, and moans on the video the Avengers turned around so fast some of them could have gotten backlash. Dishes were dropped and broken on impact with the floor. Pots and containers fell and food was scattered everywhere. Glasses were also dropped and it's contents spilled.

There was silence as the Avengers stared wide eyed at laptop and then at Harry.

Harry though, wasn't phased and merely asked, "What are they doing?"

It was Clint who acted first and snapped the laptop shut; stopping the video and it's inappropriate noises. He was also the first to find his voice, "What were you doing on there?"

"I was looking up information on Fright Fest at Six Flags but I clicked on another website suggestion instead by mistake. I ended up there. There were lots of people there naked and they were doing lots of stuff. What were they doing?" Harry repeated his question.

Natasha looked at Tony and if there was ever a time to fear Iron Man, it was now. She pulled herself together and smiled gently at Harry, "That's for another time sweetheart. Right now you need to come with me."

"But it's dinner time," Harry said.

"Yes but Pepper asked about you today and I thought we could go give her a call before we eat," Natasha said suggestively.

Harry perked up at the idea of talking with Pepper and nodded. Natasha smiled and walked Harry out of the room. She turned back and gave Clint a look that said 'good luck'.

The other Avengers just stood there quietly and waited for the inevitable to happen.

"Whose computer is that?" Tony ground out, he was visibly shaking in anger but trying really hard to control himself.

Steve cleared his throat. "Uh...that would be mine..." He said while blushing madly.

Tony turned to Steve with a shocked look on his face. "You?!" He asked incredulously.

"I can explain!" Steve yelled.

Tony quirked an eyebrow. "Oh really?"

"My computer was on the fritz and I took it to Geek Squad to get it fixed. They must have removed the child lock and didn't tell me!" Steve said.

"Right. And why not bring it to me if it was on the fritz?" Tony asked skeptically.

"Because you would have called me some form of 'technology deficient' and then berated and teased me endlessly about breaking everything I touch and not knowing a computer from a a coaster." Steve admitted.

"What I want to know is, why you have porn on your computer." Clint said slyly, happy that for once HE was innocent. The smirk on his face could not be big enough.

"I do not believe tis the right time for this Eye of Hawk," Thor said tentatively.

"I disagree. It's like the mortals say dear brother, no time like the present," Loki said a smirk of his own. His magic could practically feel the chaos in Tony's mind and it was glorious!

"Yeah, listen to your brother Thor," Clint added with a nod.

Bruce sighed and said, "I think we should just cancel dinner together for tonight. Have something delivered to each of us. And we can give Tony some space."

Clint pouted, "Party pooper."

"This is serious Clint," Bruce chided.

"I know, but I went through hell and I expect the Captain to do the same." Clint replied back.

They were so busy with each other they didn't see when Tony dragged Steve away and down to his garage.

Behind the closed doors and noise proof walls, Tony turned to Steve and glared. "You? Out of every freaking person here with a questionable past that I allow near my son for some god damn reason, it's you! You, Mr. morality, honesty is the best policy, goody

two-shoes who INTROCUDES MY SON TO _PORN_!"

"Tony..."

"Not the god who has probably has his way with servants since he reached puberty, or the man who has gone around the world to places were it's normal to be part or fully naked, or the spy who seduces people for information, or the other spy who was raised in a fucking circus surrounded by nothing but immoral influence, but _**you**_!"

"Tony, please! Just lemme-"

"What? Explain? Explain _what_ Steve? We were finally in the clear! He had stopped asking! He was happy, we were happy, but now _this_! _What the fucking hell Rogers!_"

"I'm sorry," Steve mumbled as he lowered his head.

"_**Sorry**_? You're _sorry_! Captain _freaking_ America introduced porn to my eight year old son! That's something that is _**never**_ supposed to be said! But here I am saying it!" Tony yelled.

Steve winced, "I..."

"You're his godfather Steve! You're supposed to be protecting him from stuff like this! How am I supposed to trust with his life if I can't trust you with his innocence!" Tony demanded.

This time Steve tensed and looked as if Tony just slapped him, "Tony, you have _no_ idea how sorry I am, but I would _never_ ever allow him to be intentionally in harms way. You and him are the only people I have and I consider you family. I'm sorry. I know I failed you and Harry, but I swear I didn't mean to."

Tony sighed and saw how truly hurt Steve was. The reason he didn't go nuclear on him was because Pepper has been giving him small talks about him over reacting to Harry's growing up. He's doing it and better he be prepared than not informed. Though he hated, and he _really_ hated it, Harry would one day learn these things and better it be from a reliable source than some reckless moron.

There was silence between them as Steve waited for Tony to say something. He half expected Tony to kick him out. Instead he was surprised when Tony said with a roll of his eyes, "You know, only _you_ can take the fun out of discovering that Captain America watches porn like the rest of us, ya know that?"

Steve blushes and smiled sheepishly, "So...I'm not homeless?"

"No...but you are under probation." Tony replied.

"Probation?" Steve echoed.

"Yup. You are to be supervised when around Harry and not allowed to be alone with him for a month." Tony answered.

"A whole month?" Steve asked.

"Hey, it's better than what Clint went through," Tony said coolly.

"Do I ever want to know exactly what happened?" Steve asked.

Tony just smirked and shrugged, "I wouldn't."

* * *

><p>I posted this without looking it over so please excuse any errors. But you get the point right? You saw why he's my favorite *smirks* I'll look it over later.

Thank you DustBunnyQueen.

Until next time folks!

End
file.